MAX PAYNE 3
FIGHT AND FLIGHT
HOUSER
LAKE
BLANCO
WILSON
EXPLICIT CONTENT
PRESENTED BY
MARVEL
CUSTOM EDITION
3 of 3
NOT FOR RESALE

A few days after this, I'd be on a plane, travelling to Aruba, and then on to Panama and Brazil, my life here ***destroyed***, my life there a ***disaster*** that my myopia and my vanity helped transform into a non-stop orgy of sun, lies, painkillers and shooting bastards in the head.

After all, everyone deserves a vacation once in a while.

But right now, I'm in a Hoboken bar, and a rich kid with a spray tan and stupid hair is about to cap me.

NOW SAY YOU'RE ***SORRY***, YOU FUCKING HAS-BEEN COP MOTHERFUCKER. SAY YOU ARE SORRY.

AND LOOK AWAY FROM ME. LOOK ***AWAY*** FROM ME. DON'T YOU ***STARE*** AT ME. SAY YOU'RE SORRY.

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WHICH DO YOU WANT FIRST?

DON'T ACT ***CLEVER***, YOU FUCKING LEATHER JACKET DIPSHIT COP CUNT. DON'T ACT CLEVER.

I WILL BLOW YOUR BRAINS ***ALL OVER*** THIS COUNTER. ***EVERY FUCKING WHERE***.

TONY, CALM THE FUCK DOWN.

YEAH...DON'T FUCK WITH ME, MARTY. I'LL SHOOT YOU AS WELL. DON'T FUCK WITH ME.

PUT THE GUN DOWN, SON.

Whoever this guy was, I liked his timing. And timing, as they say, is everything.

WE'RE COMING BACK FOR YOU, YOU ***FUCK***.

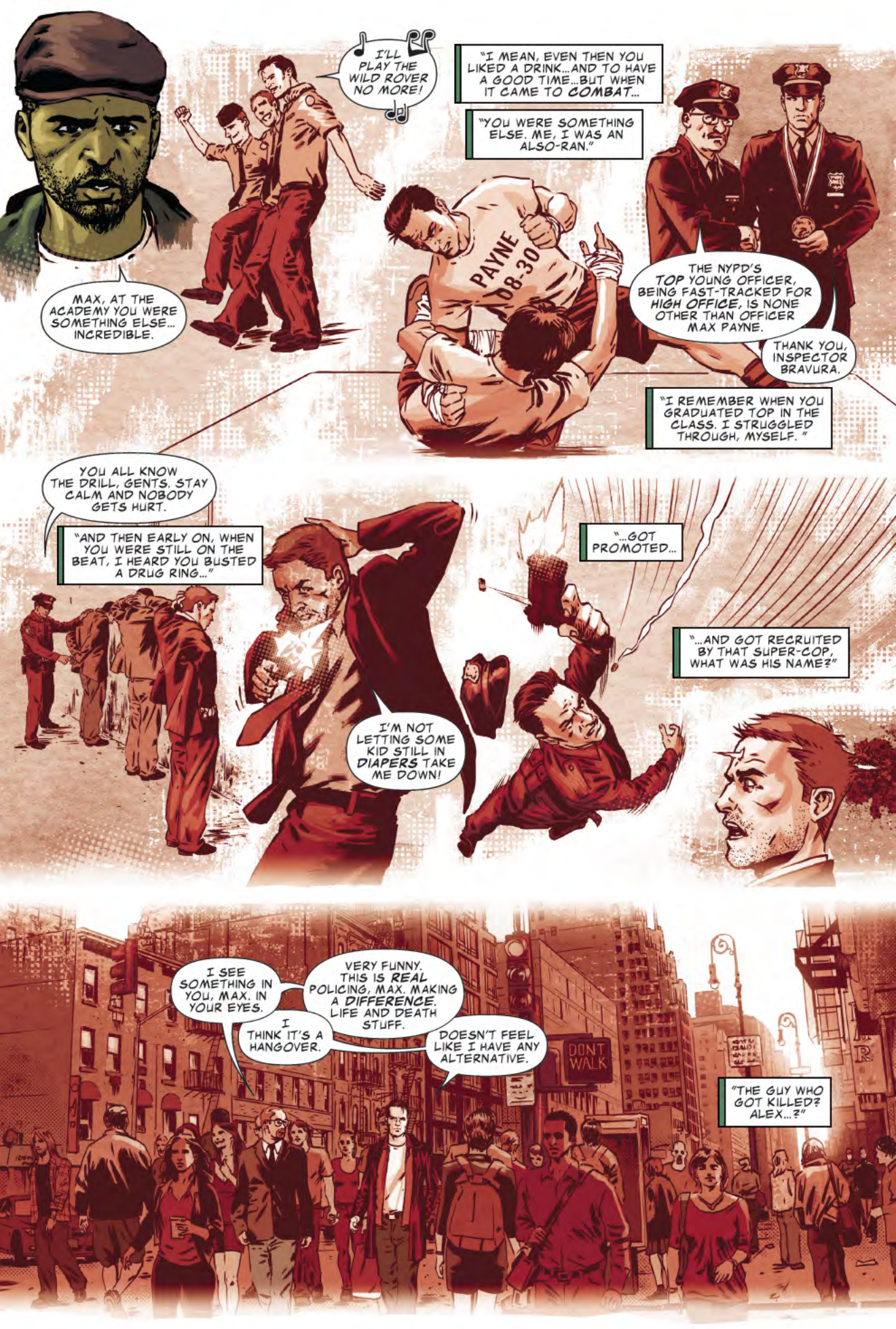
YEAH, I LOOK FORWARD TO IT.

YEAH? STAY RIGHT HERE-- ***STAY RIGHT HERE!***

I HOPE I LOOK AS AFRAID AS I FEEL.

YOU DON'T KNOW WHO YOU'RE FUCKING WITH!

MAX FUCKING PAYNE. HOW YOU DOING, MAN?
Whoever he was, he apparently knew me, which was more than I could say these days when I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror.
I'M DOING ABOUT AS GOOD AS I LOOK...
YOU DON'T REMEMBER ME? PASSOS? RAUL PASSOS!
COME ON... WE WENT TO THE ACADEMY TOGETHER, MAN! YOU DON'T REMEMBER?
THAT'S GOING BACK A LONG WAY, FRIEND.
You spend all day, all week, all year, trying to escape from your memories, and then you realize the great tragedy is...you've escaped from your memories.
I SPENT FIVE YEARS ON THE BEAT IN THE BRONX. WORKING HOMICIDE. I NEARLY GOT KILLED, MAN. I GAVE UP. I GOT INTO PRIVATE WORK.
HERE, CENTRAL AMERICA, BRAZIL, WHERE MY FAMILY COMES FROM. ALL OVER.
AH...THAT'S GREAT. TRAVEL, SEE THE WORLD.
YEAH, KEEPS ME BUSY. I TAKE CARE OF PEOPLE, YOU KNOW? PROPER BODY-GUARDING.
HEY, I'M WORKING FOR A GOOD FIRM. I'M ACTUALLY HERE ON A BIT OF A RECRUITMENT DRIVE.
YEAH, WELL, WHY DON'T YOU DRIVE ON OFF BACK INTO THE SUNSET THERE, PESOS. IT'S BEEN NICE CATCHING UP.
AT LEAST LET ME BUY YOU A DRINK?
YEAH, SURE. ANYBODY CAN BUY ME A DRINK.
ALL RIGHT, TWO MORE.
LOOK, THIS IS THE WAY WE DO IT IN BRAZIL, BABY!
ARE YOU SERIOUS, MAX? YOU DON'T REMEMBER ME? AT ALL? I WAS THE YEAR BELOW.
I GUESS... I GUESS I KIND OF LOOKED UP TO YOU.
I GUESS IF I'VE LEARNED ANYTHING, IT'S THAT IF PROUST HAD LIKED PAINKILLERS AND SCOTCH RATHER THAN LEMON CAKES, HIS BOOKS WOULD HAVE BEEN A WHOLE LOT SHORTER.
EH?
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.
I always was one for obscure references and literary delusions. This one fell particularly flat.
It'd been a long time since I'd been on top of my game, whether it was catching crooks, coming up with metaphors, or leading a remotely respectable life.


MAX, AT THE ACADEMY YOU WERE SOMETHING ELSE... INCREDIBLE.
I'LL PLAY THE WILD ROVER NO MORE!
"I MEAN, EVEN THEN YOU LIKED A DRINK...AND TO HAVE A GOOD TIME...BUT WHEN IT CAME TO COMBAT...
"YOU WERE SOMETHING ELSE. ME, I WAS AN ALSO-RAN."
PAYNE D8-30
THE NYPD'S TOP YOUNG OFFICER, BEING FAST-TRACKED FOR HIGH OFFICE, IS NONE OTHER THAN OFFICER MAX PAYNE.
THANK YOU, INSPECTOR BRAVURA.
"I REMEMBER WHEN YOU GRADUATED TOP IN THE CLASS. I STRUGGLED THROUGH, MYSELF."
YOU ALL KNOW THE DRILL, GENTS. STAY CALM AND NOBODY GETS HURT.
"AND THEN EARLY ON, WHEN YOU WERE STILL ON THE BEAT, I HEARD YOU BUSTED A DRUG RING..."
"...GOT PROMOTED...
"...AND GOT RECRUITED BY THAT SUPER-COP, WHAT WAS HIS NAME?"
I'M NOT LETTING SOME KID STILL IN DIAPERS TAKE ME DOWN!
I SEE SOMETHING IN YOU, MAX. IN YOUR EYES.
VERY FUNNY. THIS IS REAL POLICING, MAX. MAKING A DIFFERENCE. LIFE AND DEATH STUFF.
I THINK IT'S A HANGOVER.
DOESN'T FEEL LIKE I HAVE ANY ALTERNATIVE.
DONT WALK
"THE GUY WHO GOT KILLED? ALEX...?"

HIS NAME WAS BALDER. ALEX BALDER. HE WAS MY BEST FRIEND.
YES, I REMEMBER NOW! OF COURSE.
MAX, I KNOW UNDERCOVER WORK ISN'T EASY, BUT WE HAVE A GOOD TEAM.
B.B. AND I BELIEVE WE'RE MAKING PROGRESS.
I'D LOVE TO, ALEX. BUT... I'VE GOT A FAMILY. I'VE GOT TOO MUCH TO LOSE. I KNOW IT'S A CLICHÉ, BUT WHAT ELSE CAN I SAY?
I UNDERSTAND. I SHOULDN'T HAVE ASKED.
MAYBE WHEN ROSE GOES TO COLLEGE OR SOMETHING?
YES, THEN WE CAN BUST SOME SERIOUS GERIATRIC DRUG RING.
Of course, soon enough I lost everything anyway. The Angel of Death had other, more complicated plans for me.
LISTEN, I'M GLAD YOU'RE ONBOARD. I KNOW, AFTER ALL YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH, HOW HARD THIS IS, BUT MAYBE SOME GOOD CAN COME FROM IT.
B.B. THINKS WE'RE CLOSE TO BUILDING A CASE.
I'LL DO MY BEST, FOR WHAT THAT'S WORTH. I AIN'T GOT A LOT LEFT TO WORRY ABOUT.
Of course, B.B. was busy building something else.
NO!
SO GOOD TO SEE YOU, BROTHER!
YOU TOO, B.B... BUT TELL ME: WHAT DOES "B.B." STAND FOR, ANYWAY?
BACK-STABBING BASTARD?
I still miss Alex. He was about the only guy I knew who didn't compromise. The surest way of getting killed in this city.

JESUS, BROTHER. YOU...I KNOW THIS SOUNDS KIND OF SILLY, BUT YOU WERE MY HERO.
GIVE ME A BREAK.
I'M NOT JOKING. I MEAN, NO ONE IS PRETENDING YOU'VE AGED WELL.
FUCK YOU!
MORE DRINKS? BARMAN! MARTY?
DUDE!
WHATEVER YOU SAY.
SERIOUSLY, GORGEOUS. I KNOW HE LOOKS LIKE A LONELY OLD MAN NOW, AND THAT'S BECAUSE HE IS A LONELY OLD MAN, BUT BACK IN THE DAY... MAN, HE WAS INCREDIBLE.
FOR REAL?
I had to admit I... I kind of liked him... he had some good stories.
SERIOUSLY, I'M STRAIGHT AS THEY COME AND EVEN I WAS IN LOVE WITH HIM. EVERY GUY IN THE ACADEMY WAS. WE WROTE FAN FICTION ABOUT HIM!
FUCK YOU. DON'T BELIEVE A WORD HE SAYS.
I CAN KIND OF SEE IT.
More full of shit than a broken toilet, but he made me laugh.
CREEPY EROTIC STUFF ABOUT HIS ABILITY TO FLY THROUGH THE AIR. GUY WAS A LEGEND.
AND THIS GUY... THIS GUY IS FULL OF CRAP. PESO, OR WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS...

SCREW YOU. MY NAME IS PASSOS. RAUL PASSOS.
AND WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, RAUL PASSOS?
THE NYPD WAS PRETTY RACIST BACK THEN. DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO HANDLE A BRAZILIAN KID FROM QUEENS.
Oh Jesus, here we go. The two-bit sob story.
THE TRUTH IS, I COULDN'T BE HAPPIER. I STILL HELP PEOPLE.
ONLY NOW, IT'S EXCLUSIVELY RICH PEOPLE?
WE'RE GOOD GUYS, MAX. I FLY CHOPPERS. I DRIVE. I KEEP PEOPLE SAFE IN A COMPLEX ENVIRONMENT. IT'S GOOD WORK. IT'S NOT LIKE WHEN WE WERE COPS WE NEVER MADE MISTAKES.
I was surprised. Someone who didn't wallow in self-pity? They existed?
OR ARE YOU THE COP WHO NEVER DID ANYTHING WRONG, NEVER TOOK THE LAW INTO HIS OWN HANDS, NEVER COMPROMISED HIS PRINCIPLES?
Sure, that's me, brother.
WE'RE NOT MACHINES, MAX. AND IF WE WERE, WE WOULDN'T BE ANY GOOD.
WHAT MAKES US WHO WE ARE, WHAT MADE YOU SO GOOD, ISN'T THAT WE'RE ROBOTS, BUT THAT WE CARE, THAT WE MADE THE RIGHT COMPROMISES. WE KNOW WHEN TO BEND THE RULES.
THAT'S ONE WAY OF LOOKING AT THINGS, I GUESS.
ANYWAY, IS IT TRUE YOU CAUGHT THE SILENT HUNTER?
I GUESS... ME, AND A COUPLE OF OTHER GUYS.

WHAT ARE THEY, A BROAD AND HER JOHN?
NO. NOTHING LIKE THAT. NEWLYWEDS, I THINK. HE'S CHOPPED THEIR LEFT HANDS OFF, THOUGH.
JESUS.
He was some psycho desperate to make a name for himself...
I GUESS THIS BASTARD DOESN'T HAVE TOO MUCH RESPECT FOR THE SANCTITY OF MARRIAGE.
...IN THE IMPORTANT FIELD OF MURDERING PEOPLE...
...in a memorable style. His shtick was newlyweds.
TO YOU AND ME, YES, BUT TO THE MORONS IN THE PRESS, LET'S JUST SAY SOME PEOPLE ARE MORE EQUAL THAN OTHERS. EITHER WAY, THIS HAS GOT TO STOP, MAX.
YEAH, NEWLYWEDS FLOATING DOWN THE HUDSON WITHOUT THE BENEFIT OF A BOAT IS NOT GOOD FOR ANYONE. I'VE GOT AN IDEA.
IF THERE'S ONE THING PEOPLE CAN'T STAND, IT'S YOUNG LOVERS GETTING THEIR HANDS CHOPPED OFF BY A PSYCHOPATH.
I THINK I'D CARE JUST AS MUCH IF IT WAS HOOKERS AND THEIR CLIENTS. PEOPLE ARE PEOPLE.
And my idea was brilliant. Become a newlywed. Perhaps I am just a common or garden masochist. And who was my bride?
None other than the poor, confused, alpha male bitch whose brilliant career would end in a hail of bullets fired out of my gun: Valerie Winterson.
THE THING IS, MAX, THE DEPARTMENT NEEDS MORE THAN JUST GLORY SEEKERS. IT NEEDS EFFICIENCY IN ORDER TO MEET ITS TARGET.
IF THIS CREEPY BASTARD IS LISTENING TO US NOW, HE'S GOING TO THINK WE'RE THE MOST BORING COUPLE IN HISTORY. HE ISN'T GOING TO KILL US. HE'S GOING TO LET US SUFFER ON FOR ALL ETERNITY.
YOU'RE TOO CASUAL, MAX. YOU'RE A FIGHTER, BUT OUR JOB IS TO KEEP THE PEACE.
I'M SURE THAT LINE IS CLEVER, BUT I DON'T HAVE A GOD DAMN CLUE WHAT IT MEANS.

JESUS! MAX, HELP ME!
DON'T WORRY, YOU'RE NEXT, HANDSOME. JUST STAY CALM, WILL YOU?
OKAY, JUST DON'T HURT HER.
Leave that to me.
I'VE ALREADY LOST ONE WIFE, AND I'D HATE TO LOSE ANOTHER.
BECAUSE THAT WOULD BE UNDULY CARELESS.
THIS IS DETECTIVE WINTERSON. WE'VE MADE AN ARREST.
We were proper heroes...for about fifteen minutes.
Of course, the whole exercise was enough to take me back to the life I lost. Michelle's screams and Rose's crying rang in my ears again for months.
Maybe that was what made me so susceptible to Mona. Maybe I was just a fool. Either way, who gave a fuck?

IT'S GOOD TO CATCH UP.
YOU FAGGOTS STILL GOT SOMETHING TO SAY TO ME?
YEAH: FUCK OFF.
I DON'T LIKE SPICS WHO TELL ME TO FUCK OFF.
WELL, GOOD FOR YOU. NOW FUCK OFF.
DON'T STARE AT ME, WHORE.
Of course, what this obnoxious streak of orange piss did not appreciate was that his suburban power trip was only possible because of me.

His father, Anthony De Marco, was the cream that rose to the top after my little dispute with Angelo Punchinello.
Punchinello used to run things in this part of Jersey. His boys killed my best friend.
People high on drugs he profited from killed my family.
He hired goons to whack me. Should have used his sister-in-law.
I'M COMING FOR YOU, ANGELO.
And after that, I wanted to kill him.
But while I was interrogating him, some bastards working for Nicole Horne beat me to the punch.
Since then, instead of peace, Jersey got anarchy.
POLICE
What remains of the Punchinellos have been fighting up-and-comers like the De Marcos to flog coke, smack and whatever else they fancy to kids and lost causes.

BUY YOURSELF SOMETHING NICE... ON ME, ANTHONY DE MARCO. REMEMBER THAT.
Of course, like all mobsters, Punchinello and De Marco were stooges.
NEXT TIME, MAYBE YOU'LL REMEMBER THE NATURAL ORDER OF THINGS.
Pumped-up bullies that the system allows to parade around.
YOU BACK-TALKING PIECE OF SHIT!
And in return, we get to call them bad guys...
...and ignore what's really going on.
YOU CAN'T WIN, MAX. THE SYSTEM, MY SYSTEM, THE FACT YOU CAN'T SEE IT IS PROOF OF ITS POWER.
YOU'RE A SICK OLD MAN.
OF COURSE.
I got too close to finding out what really goes on. The Inner Circle had long since reformed itself. They were doing a fantastic job these days of fucking up.
Sometimes I joked to myself they'd moved out of drugs and into hedge funds.
Woden got killed by Lem and I uncovered everything. I understood everything.
Senator Woden Killed by Mobster
Of course, no one would run with the truth. And I was soon enough a drunk ex-cop caught up in two scandals and...

...that's how I ended up here.
Love killed me. Love saved me.
Love got everyone. That's why I ran from it.
WHAT? WHAT'D YOU SAY?!
YOU HEARD ME. I'M NOT FRIGHTENED OF YOU, YOU SPRAY TAN GUIDO DOUCHE!
And now, out of some demented sense of what I was missing, I watched this asshole in this bar...
...hit this broad with a gun...
...and I shot him dead.
Was it the need to love that had dragged me back in...or something else?

MAX'S JOURNEY CONTINUES IN MAX PAYNE 3

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MATURE 17+
M
CONTENT RATED BY ESRB

Blood and Gore
Intense Violence
Partial Nudity
Strong Language
Strong Sexual Content
Use of Drugs and Alcohol

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